

8. Leave change of address cards at the home of each absentee voter recorded. (These are to be forwarded by the family on

Continued on Page Two

With Ernie Pyle at the Front HERE'S HOW IT FEELS TO RIDE ON A B-26 BOMBING RUN

Crews Know Their Business; Morale Is Good Among British-Based Fliers

By ERNIE PYLE

A U. S. BOMBER STATION IN ENGLAND.—These are some of the boys who have been blasting out our invasion path on the continent of Europe. For nearly a year they have been hammering at the wall of defenses the Germans have thrown up. How well they have blasted we will know before the Summer is over.

They are a squadron of B-26 Marauder bombers. They are representative of the entire might weight of the tactical bombers of the Ninth air force. I have come to spend a few days with them because I wanted to get a taste of the pre-invasion assault from the air standpoint before we get a mouthful of the invasion proper from the ground.

The way I happened to come to this certain squadron is one of those things. One night in London I was sitting at a table with some friends in a public house when two boys in uniform came over and asked if I weren't so-and-so.

I said yes, whereupon they got to talking and then we got to be pals and eventually we adjourned from one place to another, as Damon Runyon would say, and kept on adjourning throughout the evening, and a good time was had by all.

These boys were B-26 bombardiers, and in the course of the evening, they asked if I wouldn't come and live with their squadron awhile. Being nothing if not accommodating, I said sure, why not. And here we are.

The two boys were Lieuts. Lindsey Green (2360 Chestnut St.), San Francisco, and Jack Arnold (603 N. Fourteenth St.), East St. Louis, Ill. Being redheaded, Lieutenant Arnold goes by the name of "Red Dog." They are both very nice people indeed.

The boys say this is the best squadron in England. Nine out of ten squadrons, or infantry companies, or quartermaster battalions, will say the same thing about themselves. It is a good omen when they talk like that.

This station seems to me to have about the finest spirit I've run onto in our army. It is a fact that the whole organization has been made into a real team.

The commander of this group is Col. Wilson R. Wood, Chico, Texas. Five years ago he was an enlisted man. Today, at 28, he is a full colonel. He is a steady, human person and he has got what it takes to blend thousands of men together into a driving unit.

The job of the B-26s is several-fold. For one thing, they had to rid upper France and the Low countries of German fighters as far as possible, to clear the way for our heavy bombers on their long trips into Germany.

They have done this not so much by bombing airdromes, which can be immediately repaired, as by blasting the engines, engines, engines. Their second job is to disrupt the enemy's supply system. Much of their work of late has been on railroad marshalling yards, and along with A-20s and fighter-bombers, they have been credited to a point where British papers say Germany cannot maintain a Western front by rail.

And third, they constantly work on the enemy's communications. They have done this by installations along the Channel coast. They feel that they haven't done a good job, if they haven't I'm going to be plenty sore at them one of these days, because I might be in the unit and they're anything that makes me sick at the stomach it's a military installation in good working order.

The B-26 is a bomber which is very fast and carries a two-ton bomb load. In its early stages it had a bad name—it was a "hot" plane which took great skill to fly and which killed more people in training than it did in combat.

But the B-26 has lived down the bad name. The boys of this squadron wouldn't fly in anything else. They like it because it can take quick and violent evasive action when the flak is bothersome, and because it can run pretty well from fighters.

Its record over here is excellent. Bombing accuracy has been high and losses have been extremely low. And as for accidents—the thing that cursed the plane in its early days—they have been next to nonexistent here.

The boys so convinced me of the B-26's invulnerability that I took my courage in my hand and went on a trip with them.

They got us up at 2 in the morning. Red Dog gave me an extra pair of long drawers to put on. I saved me his extra pair of pants as I had given mine away in Italy. Also I put on extra sweaters and a mackinaw.

Then we walked through the moonlight under the trees to the mess hall. It was only 2:30 A. M., but we ate breakfast before the take-off. And we had two real fried eggs too. It was almost worth getting up for.

We drove out to the field in a jeep. Some of the boys rode their bicycles. There were a couple of hundred crewmen altogether. At the field we went into a big room, brightly lighted, and sat on benches for the briefing.

The briefing lasted almost an hour. Everything was explained in detail—how we would take off, how we would rendezvous in the dark, where we would make the turn toward our target.

Then we went to the locker room and got our gear. Red Dog got me a pair of flying boots. A Mae West life preserver, a parachute and a set of earphones. We got in the jeep again and rode out to the plane.

We stood around talking with the ground crew. Finally, 10 minutes before takeoff time, we got into the plane. One of the boys boosted me up through a hatch in the bottom of the plane, for it was high, and with so many clothes I could hardly move.

see them whiz past the window as we roared down the runway. A flame about a foot long shot out of the exhausts and it worried me at first, but finally I decided that was the way it was supposed to be.

At 12,000 feet up it begins to get daylight before it does on the ground, and while we could now see each other plainly in our B-26s, things were still darkly indistinct in England, far down there below us.

Now and then alight would flash on the ground some kind of marker beacon for us. We passed over some airdromes with their runway lights still on. Far in the distance we could see one lone white light, probably a window some early-rising farmer had forgotten to black out.

"Red Dog" Arnold, the bombardier, was sitting in the copilot's seat, since we weren't carrying a copilot. The boys got me a tin box to sit on right behind Red Dog so I could get a better view.

We climbed higher, and at a certain place the whole group of B-26s made a turn and headed for the target. This wasn't a mission over enemy territory, and there was no danger to it.

As we neared the target Red Dog crawled forward through a little opening in the nose, where the bombardier usually sits. The entire nose is plexiglass, and you can see straight down and all around. He motioned for me to join him.

I squeezed into the tiny compartment. There was barely room for the two of us. The motors made less noise up there. By now daylight had come and everything below was clear and spectacular. I stayed in the nose until we were well on the way home, and then crawled back and sat in the copilot's seat beside Chief Collins. The sun came out, the air was smooth, and it was wonderful flying along there over England so early in the morning.

THE RETURN TRIP—IN THE COPILOT'S SEAT

We came back over our home airdrome, peeled off one by one, and landed. Red Dog stayed up in the nose during the landing, so I stayed in the copilot's seat. Landing is about the most dangerous part of flying, yet it's the one sensation I love most, especially when riding up front.

Chief put the big plane down so easily we hardly knew when the wheels touched. I was shocked to learn later that we landed at the airdrome, sneaked off more than 100 miles and it was as well I didn't know at the time.

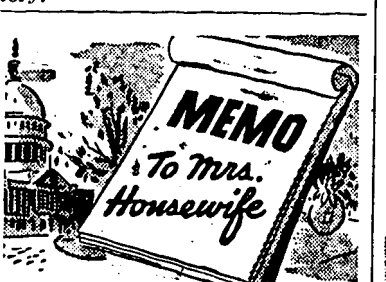
We sat in the plane for a couple of minutes while Chief filled out some reports and then opened the hatch in the floor and dropped out. I was the first of the group to hit the ground.

Lewis Ryan Buried; Chief of Ardmore Fire Co. For 25 Yrs.

Lewis Ryan, paperhanger and decorator in Ardmore for more than 50 years, died Monday at his home, 220 W. Lancaster Ave. He was 76.

For more than 25 years he was chief of the Ardmore Volunteer Fire Department.

Surviving are two sons, Rowland and Lewis Ryan, Jr., both of Ardmore, and two daughters, Mrs. J. Ward Dalton, Vineland, N. J., and Mrs. Harold Warner, of Fairton, Md. Services were held at 2 P. M. Wednesday at the Frankfield Funeral Home in Ardmore. Interment was in Fernwood Cemetery.



NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING WASHINGTON, D. C.

By Anne Goode

Railroad travelers will have to do with fewer air conditioned cars this summer. Freon, needed for air conditioning is used in manufacture of aerosol insecticides and protects Allied troops from mosquitoes.

OPA announced that pickled, spiced and branched fruits will be rationed again in June.

It's production and not style that's causing women's dresses to get tighter, so you'd better watch your figure, gals!

Summer is coming on which means white shoes. White shoes mean polishing. There's a liquid white polish which cleans as well as polishes to give the old shined when they're dirty.

A match that will light in the heaviest down-pour is one of science's newest contributions. The tip is enclosed in a "raincoat."

Vitaminized margarine is still the best buy for your money, ladies! It's economical in ration points, nutritious because it's fortified with Vitamin A, and you can use it in any way and in exactly the same proportions as butter.

The fish catch is rising but not fast enough to meet the demand. Many sections of the country are now eating fish that completely ignored that food before rationing.

Don't forget to save and turn in all your waste paper. There is a drastic shortage!

CALLING ALL SUMMER BRIDES



—Photographs courtesy New York Dress Institute

A silk and rayon lace gown, above, with pointed basque waist and full skirt is ruffled off the shoulders to add to its old-fashioned charm. The bride-to-be carries white roses and wears a fingertip net veil held to her coiffure with a satin band and pearl brooch.

IT'S the bride breath-takingly dressed in white who causes the most hearts to skip a beat. Luckily for the girl planning a traditional June wedding she can look as lovely in cotton as in satin. She can choose the fragility of sheer mousseline de soie, or the cobweb crispness of all lace or net.

This June's bride, as all brides before her, can decide to make her wedding gown an heirloom, or she can be just a little bit practical and think of it as the dream dress for moonlight and waltzing. It doesn't matter what setting the bride has in mind, since almost any dress she selects will be equally appropriate for the little church around the corner and a garden in bloom.

As for the man in her life, his uniform, whatever it may be, will look just as splendid with ruffled organza as with shimmering satin.

Since all brides have the right to look beautiful, the great New York designers have put as much thought and skill into inexpensive wedding

dresses as they have into the luxuries. It isn't the cost then, that counts, but the becomingness. Besides, the bride-to-be can always depend on the flattery of her veil, heiloom or otherwise, to transform the simplest of dresses.

You may like the quaint basque waist with a spreading but trimless skirt, and long sleeves tapered to your wrists, fashioned in lace, or you may want to show your pretty arms in a cap-sleeved dress with a full, ballet skirt of net.

The bride who is saying "I do" ever so quickly in a Post chapel, or who has other reasons for preferring an informal wedding, will welcome the news from the New York Dress Institute that "important little dresses" are in the shops. It's a matter of minutes, this June, until you discover the most flattering and romantic of pale blue crepe dresses or suits, designed especially for the bride but not just for the ceremony. Wear yours with a flower-trimmed bonnet or a picture straw, pale blue jersey gloves and the fresh flower bouquet he sends.



Pale blue crepe in a two-piece dress for the bride planning an informal wedding. This is designed in Summer's becoming middie silhouette, with a jabot of the crepe trimming the bodice.

DAILY DOZEN

Prepared for the Local Health Board by the Medical Society of the State

Teething is teasing time in the seething Summer time. Children are sometimes fussy when teething.

The first teeth usually appear between the 6th and 8th months. Perfectly healthy babies may not get them until much later.

Teeth are already formed in the jaw when the baby is born.

Teething has wrongly been accused of causing illness. It has been blamed for diarrhea, fever and convulsions.

Teething is seldom responsible for serious physical upset.

It is a natural process of development.

There may be some discomfort in the gums from pressure.

Food should not be forced on the baby during teething.

A teething ring or crust of hard bread relieves sore gums.

Every person is a billionaire in his own blood bank.

There are 25 billion blood cells in the human body.

Blood count is as important to a physical examination.

In disease the red cells may increase or decrease.

They increase in carbon monoxide poisoning and heart disease.

The cells decrease in anemia, malaria and bacterial infections.

Doctors can accurately count the blood cells.

They dilute blood 20 times with water.

This mixture is put on a glass slide marked in tiny squares.

Microscopic study shows number of cells on a given square.

When multiplied, the doctor has the number of cells.

Appearance and shape of cells indicate disease.

It is claimed man should live to be about 105 years old.

There are 30,000 centenarians reported in the Soviet Union.

Many persons live and function actively a long time.

Take Dr. R. Baynes of Rockland, Maine, as an example.

He practiced medicine until he was 99 years of age.

He had a perfect set of teeth and excellent eyesight.

In South Wales, Dr. Salmon died in his 107th year.

He was the oldest physician in the world.

R. Glen, a shoemaker of Tacony, Pennsylvania, died at 114.

He was active and alert almost to the end of his life.

Hereditarily and environment influence length of life.

Extremely old persons are abstemious in their habits.

A few words in praise of the stomach.

This quiet, usually overworked organ deserves mention.

It has a difficult job to do—but seldom complains.

The stomach is a sac-like portion of the alimentary canal.

The earlier stages of digestion

take place here. When food enters, the stomach obligingly stretches itself. Size is entirely dependent on the amount of food in it. Normally, with food in it is 12 inches long and 4 inches through. Food in the stomach is mixed with the gastric juices.

Flow of gastric juice is controlled by taste and smell.

Warm and fear retard gastric juice and hinder digestion.

The stomach works faithfully until it is overabused.

Nunan-Slook Post To Have Open Meeting

An open meeting will be held at the Nunan-Slook American Legion Post Home, Grasslyn and Halston Avenues, Oakmont, Tuesday evening, June 6, at 8:30 P. M.

Ensign Russ Sorber has arranged the program for this meeting. Action pictures in technical color of convoy duty in various parts of the world will be shown.

Ensign M. A. Brown, Procurement Officer, will be on hand with a delegation of Spars on a recruiting mission. If any girls are interested, these Spars will be happy to sign you up.

Lieutenant Commander Jack Swann, home on leave after extensive service will be at the meeting with a few tales.

All service men and women, and their families are invited to attend the meeting, as well as prospective Spars.

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The wedding of Miss Louise Arnold, daughter of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Clifford H. Arnold, of Ardmore and niece of General Henry H. Arnold, to Lt. Ralph E. Williams, Jr., USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Williams of Peconic, Tex., will take place at 7:30 June 5 at the First Baptist Church Ardmore. A reception will be held at the home of the bride's parents.

Miss Virginia Arnold will attend her sister as maid of honor and Miss Helen Goss, of Ardmore, will be bridesmaid. Lt. J. E. Harvey, Jr., of New Orleans will serve as best man and the ushers will be Lt. W. E. Moss, New York City; Lt. (jg) C. F. Elder, Atlanta, Ga.; Lt. (jg) Y. A. Tobey and Ensign W. E. Martinson, both of Boston. All are stationed with Lt. Williams at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

There are about 1,700,000 4-H club members in the United States.

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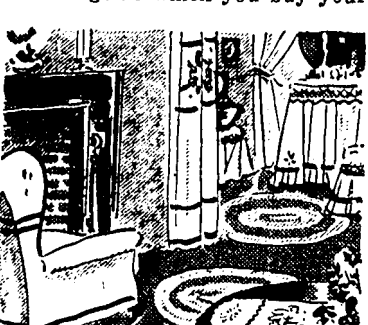
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The Girl Scout Troop No. 89 had a party at the Haverford Community Center on Thursday evening, May 25, as their final event of the season. Their activities during the Summer will consist mainly of Girl Scout outdoor events.

The rainy weather didn't phase the Girl Scout Club even though it fell on the day planned for their doggie roast. They altered their plans and held the doggie roast in the Center. The girls enjoyed themselves tremendously.

Another doggie roast was held by the Scotties on Monday, May 29. The weather was quite favorable so that these girls were able to have their's outside.

Movies were presented on Friday afternoon, May 26. Four films were shown and approximately 35 children attended.

Recently with the arrival of warm weather the activities are mainly out of doors with badminton, paddle tennis, baseball, and the swings going on all the time.

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